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WITH COMPLIMENTS OF  
DR. AND MRS. BRYCE,  
KILMADOCK, 189 COLONY ST  
WINNIPEG



KILMADOCK IN NOVEMBER

# A Day in Scotland's Poet-Land

BY

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# A Day in Scotland's Poet-Land



Lord Byron, whose estimate of Wordsworth, we consider to be all wrong, aid in his amusing lampoon upon the great nature poet:

"If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain;  
And Pegasus runs restive in his "Wagon",  
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain  
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?  
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,  
He fear'd his neck to venture surh a nag on,  
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon  
Could not the dullard ask for a balloon"?

It was with some such feeling that seven of us, mostly cousins, and the chauffeur, started, on August 31st, 1908, from our home in Edinburgh—the city in whose Austan days, Jeffrey and Scott, Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, Dugald Stewart and Alison were the literary lions—started, I say, to take a flight with Pegasus, the steed of the muses, in that most prosaic of vehicles an Auto-car, through what we may call the poet-land of Scotland—a delightful round of 110 miles in one day by Esk and Tweed by Ettrick and Yarrow, and over the Pentland Hills to the Northern Capital again.

It was fitting that before we started from Edinburgh which Burns addressed as "Edina Scotia's darling seat", we should take a look at the Princes Gardens, and admire in the statue sculptured by Steele the figure of Allan Ramsay, the poet of a past century, who wrote the best pastoral poem in the realm of British Literature—the "Gentle Shepherd". Allan Ramsay was, like Burns, of humble birth, but made his own way well, as he declared: "He fain wad prove to ilka Scot"

That poorth's (poverty) no the poet's lot". Yet from Allan Ramsay have descended several titled people of Scotland. The author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh", says: "Thus we find—owing to the esteem which genius ever commands, the poet of the "Gentle Shepherd" in the immortality of marble, surrounded by the figures of relatives and descendants, who so acknowledged their aristocratic rank to be inferior to his, derived from mind alone.

Here in the Gardens also let us look at Sir Walter Scott's monument, designed by the sculptor Archibald Kemp—a monument which all know but which few of us have closely examined. Here the great Wizard of the North sits with faithful Bevis at his foot—Sir Walter, the Dean of Scottish minstrelsy; facing Princes Street, on the monument, and dear to the Jacobite soul of the great novelist is the statue of Prince Charlie from Scott's Waverley, drawing his sword; on the South side facing the Castle Hill is the figure of the Lady of the Lake stepping from a boat in Loch Katrine; on the East side is one of Scott's greatest creations—Meg Merrilce—as pictured in Guy Mannering; while facing the West is the appropriate figure of "The Last Minstrel," playing upon his harp.

But it is equally appropriate, that, as we skirt along the foot of Calton Hill, we turn our eyes to Burns, on his monument, addressing Edinburgh:

"All hail thy palaces and towers!  
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,  
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
I shelter in thy honour'd shade."

Burns not only enjoyed his visit to Edinburgh, but while there erected a memorial to a brother poet of humble birth—Ferguson. How just it is also, that a beautiful statue of Burns, the work of the Sculptor Flaxman, is to be found in the Library Hall of Edinburgh University.

And now having made our devoirs to those great Scottish poets we begin our journey a field. The Scottish and English roads are perfect, and well they may be, for some of the old Roman roads which we shall follow were begun fifteen or eighteen centuries ago. We have thus a good foundation laid for our flying automobile. We gaze at beautiful Arthur's seat, a memorial of our Celtic prince of Ancient story, and skirt around the base of Salisbury Crags, their name a memorial of a daring English Earlof the Bannockburn days. Duddingston Loch, famous for winter sports is passed with a rush and we are soon alongside of the eminence to the right where stands Craigmillar castle. This was the abode of James V of Scotland in his minority, and here afterwards a frequent place of residence of Mary, Queen of Scots. Near by Craigmillar is seen a village where Queen Mary's French guards were quartered, and it still bears the name of Little France, just as an old barracks, a few miles out the same road, where the French body guards of her mother, Mary of Guise, were quartered, which is now called "Birdie Hoose" a corruption of "Bourdeaux House". Mary Queen of Scots is everywhere impressed on Scotland. Her beauty—her miseries—her great ability—and her sad fate appeal to almost all. No wonder Burns, who was something of a Jacobite wrote the Lament of Mary in captivity :

"I was the queen o' bonny France,  
Where happy I hae been ;  
Fu' lightly rose I in the morn,  
As blithe day dounat e'en ;  
And I'm the sovereign o' Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there ;  
Yet here I lie in foreign lands,  
And never-ending care."

#### THE ESK AND DALKEITH.

We are now going through Mid Lothian—for scenery and beautiful mansions, one of the most renowned districts in Scotland. No doubt this arises largely from the pretty river Esk, which with its North and South branches dashes northward down to the Frith of Forth. Sir Walter Scott who dwelt for several of the happiest years of his life in a cottage near Melville Castle near the Esk, wrote in his ballad "The Grey Brother" :

"Sweet are the paths, oh, passing sweet  
By Esk's fair streams that run,  
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep  
Impervious to the sun  
There the rapt poet's step may leave  
And yield the Muse the day ;  
There Beauty, led by timid Love,  
May shun the tell-tale ray."

Less than half an hour's run brings us to one of the entrances of the famous Dalkeith park—a residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. Both branches of the Esk run through the park and unite below the Palace. Dalkeith Palace is a massive square stone structure which hangs on the bank of the North Esk. Here dwelt in Reformation times the Regent Morton, from whom the property passed to the Buccleuchs. Its greatest notability was the famous Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who figures in the introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" as the Mistress of Branksome Tower, another seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. The Duchess who dwelt at Dalkeith had been brought up in Newark Castle, which also belonged to the Buccleuchs, and which we shall pass later in the day. She was the widow of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II.

Deserted by him she retired to Dalkeith Palace, and noted for her

masculine and self-reliant character, she there maintained the highest state as the "widow of a true Prince of the blood royal". Dryden, in a dedication to her speaks of her wit, but is silent as to her personal charms, because doubtless they were of a negative quality. Scott, however, in the introduction to the *Lay of The Last Minstrel* does better for her when he says :

"For she had known adversity  
Though born in such a high degree ;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

A ride of twenty minutes carries us past Newbattle, site of an old abbey, while to the right lies a spot whose very name rouses the risibilities of all acquainted with the comicalities of literature. This is Cockpen. Here lies the scene of the well-known poem of Lady Nairn, the authoress also of "The Land Of The Leal."—The Laird of Cockpen, commemorated by her figured in the reign of Charles II. After his refusal of marriage by the high-strung Lady of Claversha, Lea, his self-possession as pictured by the poetess is sublime :

"Dumfounded was he, but nae sigh did he gie ;  
He mounted his mear, and he rode cannily  
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen :  
She's dalt to refuse the Laird of Cockpen."

We are now more than half way to the Tweed, and we sweep past places known in history and literature rather hurriedly. Here on the right is Borthwick Castle, now in ruins, where Mary Queen of Scots resided, for a time after her unfortunate marriage with Bothwell. From this Castle she soon escaped in the guise of a page. In the old manse of Borthwick, Dr. Robertson, the great Scottish historian was born. To the left is Crichton Castle described by Sir Walter Scott:

"A mighty mass that could oppose  
When deadliest hatred fired its foes  
The vengeful Douglas bands."

On for ten or twelve miles and we reach Gala Water, made known by Burns in his lyric "Braw lads of Gala Water." Along its banks we run through the ancient village of Stow and are in twenty minutes more at Galashiels, a town known all over the world for its manufacture of plaids and shawls, interesting also to antiquarians for its Roman wall, and old British Camp. A short distance from Galashiels, a bridge dating from the time of David I in the twelfth Century is crossed and we find ourselves in a few minutes at Melrose—the Mecca for which we had started—forty miles in three hours.

### MELROSE.

Everyone has visited Melrose, descriptions of it are hackneyed, yet around it gathers a strange halo of celebrity. As in the case of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness "Heaven's breath smells wooingly here", and a mild climate is found in its shelter. The town lies beautifully on the Southern slope of the Eildon Hills—the Trimontium of the Romans—the hills of which the wizard monk of Melrose said to William of Deloraine:

"And warrior I could say to thee  
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three."

The Associations of this locality are weird for here in the Abbey is pointed out the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, but to crown all, and to settle all suspicion of witchcraft, we see in the eastwindow in the statue of the good St. Cuthbert the greatest of the spiritual fathers of the Cistercians. The statues of the King and Queen are there also keeping in mind the founders of the Abbey. Kings and Dukes lie mingled together within

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the ruins, and here also it is said was buried the heart of King Robert the Bruce whose body rests in Dunfermline Abbey. The heart was carried to Spain to be sent to the Holy Land but was carried back to Melrose by a devoted follower of one of the Earls of Douglas.

This ruined pile of old St. David's is architecturally very interesting. It is a good example of the middle pointed style strongly affected by over ornamentation, and being of the same school and period as Roslin Chapel represents a decadent period. The exuberance of the stone carving and the elaborate rendering of forms such as Scotch kail and the presence of quaint animal figures are characteristic decorative details. Melrose Abbey was a spot very dear to Sir Walter Scott, and a stone seat where he often sat is still lovingly pointed out.

#### NEWSTEAD ROMAN CAMP.

As Melrose has been our first stopping place, and though most of our party had paid it former visits, yet it was on this beautiful Summer day a joy to re-visit it, and in our investigation to come upon the North-

West outside corner, and find remains of a fine cloister which we had never noticed before. We also obtained better photographs of the Abbey than are usually seen. Our auto-car being ready, we now started eastward to examine something older than either the figure of the saintly Cuthbert or the founder royal of the twelfth Century. This was in the direction of Dryburgh Abbey. We followed the old Roman road but instead of going to see Sir Walter's burial place, for we knew it well, turned aside to a field where an old Roman camp was being excavated. This was a rare opportunity. I had a few days before this seen in the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh the remarkable finds of the last two years in this Roman Camp. There were among many other things, two Roman chariot wheels in a good state of preservation, beautiful brass vessels, masks used by players in Roman theatres, mirrors, fine iron swords, and all varieties of Roman manufactures, some with the names of the makers as well done as if they had been made in the Brummagen of today. We now explored the site of the Roman Camp at Newstead whence these had been taken. We were fortunate in seeing uncovered a Roman wall of large hewn stone which had been found, and saw the provision made for the drain running through it. This was a part of the wall of the Camp. We thought of how the Roman eagles had been compelled to withdraw from our sea-girt isle to meet the Goths and Vandals at Rome, and how the British Empire had risen to take up even a better role than that of the Romans, and we crooned over Cowper's lines in his Boadicea:

"Other Romans shall arise  
Heedless of a soldier's name  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path of fame."

#### TO THE WEST.

Turning back, our party swept down to Melrose again and then like the wind through the little down and up road northwestward. We were in a few minutes at Abbotsford, but as we had visited it thoroughly on former occasions, we only paused a few moments to recall its treasures of princely gifts, tributes of loving hearts to the great wizard of the North, collections of border curios, and memorials of old days especially the banners of the Scotts, Douglasses, Elliots, Kerrs, Armstrongs and the like which Sir Walter had gathered. We reverentially resumed our journey and a mile further on turning through an open gate we climbed grassy knolls and under the spreading trees opened our hampers and had a refreshment much more substantial than Cowper's Roman meal—"a radish and an egg."

But, how beautiful are the ancestral trees of the British Isles. Age, plentiful rains, and occasional bright sunshine combine to provide us with the pleasing shelter of as Spencer says "the British trees so straight and high such as the "builder oak", "the cedar proud and tall" or to

quote old Horace's phrase "sub tegmine fagi"—under the spreading beech—When we had thus spent an hour in rest and refreshment, our chariot was again set agoing, and we hastened along ten miles passing through the town of Selkirk, on Ettrick Street, where we checked the motor for a minute to look upon the seated statue of Sir Walter Scott in the market place. The town brought back to us the memory of the burghers of Selkirk and "Flowers Of The Forest" which was a lament for the Ettrick lads who fell at the battle of Flodden:

"Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!  
The English, for aince, by guile won the day;  
The Flowers of the Forest that fought aye the foremost,  
The pride of our land are cauld in the clay!"

#### ETTRICK VALE.

To the lover of Scottish song the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow are perhaps more dear than even Melrose and Dryburgh, for while Sir Walter Scott is the Prince of novelists, he does not stand in verse so high as the ballad writers and the poets Hogg and Wordsworth who have made these valleys famous. It was but a short run of a mile from Selkirk westward along the Ettrick to the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, where we came to Carterhaugh. Here we are at once in Fairyland, and the peasants still can tell us that here the fairy rings are to be found in the grass. This is the place of birth of the ballad of Tamlane or Tam Lin, with nearly a dozen different spellings. This itself shows how widespread the fame of this thoroughly Scottish ballad is. It is hard to say what it is about these two famous valleys that gives them such an air of the supernatural, but Burns, Motherwell, and others even down to the time of Aytoun, have all recognized this local characteristic. There is in the air the very aroma of poetry:

"O, I forbid ye, maidens a'  
That bind in snood your hair  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh  
For young Tamlane is there."

Fair Janet defied the warning and here met the handsome Tamlane and rescued him from the Fairy glamour. The Fairy Queen thwarted by the true love of Janet for Tamlane declares in her lament:

"Had I but kenned Tamlane she says  
Before he cam' fra' hame  
I wad hae ta'en oot your heart of flesh,  
Put in a heart of stane.  
Had I but had the wit yestreen  
That I hae coft this day,  
I'd hae paid my teind seven times to hell  
Ere you'd been wan away."

#### THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

But Ettrick has only one signification to most of us and that is that it was the birthplace and home of James Hogg—the Ettrick Shepherd." Born a shepherd, for years unable to face the inhumanity of a cold world, he at length found under Sir Walter Scott's kindly patronage his place as one of the truest of British poets, and no encomium can be given him better than that he was the friend of Wordsworth. His greatest poem "The Queen's Wake" gave him instantly as has been said "by his command of the old romantic ballad, his graceful fairy mythology, and his aerial flights of imagination, a high place in the Valhalla of Romantic poetry. Hear his native touch in Kilmeny:

"Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the Glen  
... ..

It was only to hear the yorlin sing  
And pu' the cress flower round the spring  
The scarlet hypp and the hind-berrye,  
And the nut that hung from the hazel tree  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be."



Hogg, it is true, by pure genius, gained his place among the choicest circles of Edinburgh Society, and was feasted by the nobility, literati and public men of the Northern metropolis, but his place was not that of the literary lion. He loved the scenes of his native Valley of Ettrick. His poem "The Skylark" stands well beside the "Skylark" poems of Wordsworth and Shelley. Listen:

"Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes  
Low in the heather blooms  
Sweet may thy welcome and bed of love be,  
Emblem of happiness;  
Blest in thy dwelling place,  
O' to abide in the desert with thee."

Up the Ettrick stream stands the Kirk and Hamlet of Ettrick. A cottage near the Church is the birthplace of James Hogg. This was the Church of Thomas Boston—the head of the "Marrow Men" and he has been called "the most representative man of the whole body of Scottish divines."

#### UP THE YARROW.

As we run from Carterhaugh up the north side of the Yarrow in our auto-car we are on the sacred soil of poetry. It is said that there is no place in Scotland so rich in tender associations and natural beauty as the Vale of Yarrow. Its fame is increased by its being the land of the nameless singers of the Yarrow ballads. Crossing as we did the bridge and following for a short distance the north side of the river we were startled at seeing at the little farm of Fowlshiels on the right, a board announcing as having been born here, the name of one whom we had forgotten as a son of Yarrow, viz:—Mungo Park. Though not a poet, Park was a man of kindred spirit. His works contain an African song of pity concerning himself:

"The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn." But his great imaginative effort carried him back to Africa, saying as he did to Sir Walter Scott "Omens follow those who look to them": He disregarded the omen and perished in the attempt to ascend the Niger.

Passing Fowlshiels, in a few minutes we come in view of the very famous Newark Castle. It stands on the opposite side of the Yarrow, and draws attention by its great square tower, now unroofed, and surrounded by its turreted outer wall. Near by the Castle and on the side of the river from which we see it is the field of defeat of the great Marquis of Montrose by General Leslie in 1645 which sealed the fate of the cause of Charles I in Scotland. The conflict was known as the Battle of Philiphaugh: A covenanting ballad commemorates the event:

On Philiphaugh a fray began,  
At Hairhead wood it ended.  
The Scots out ower the Graemes they ran  
Sae merrily they bended.

Now let us a' for Leslie pray  
And his brave company,  
For they hae vanquished great Montrose  
Our cruel enemy."

Philiphaugh is now held by a descendant of the "Outlaw Murray" who was the subject of another Scottish ballad.

The well-known story of Newark Castle as the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" we may pass by only remembering its hospitality.

"But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor."

## POETIC YARROW.

All we have yet said of Yarrow and its poetic surroundings may perhaps be traced to the fact that though almost treeless now, originally it was heavily wooded and was known as the "Royal Forest Of Ettrick." Its shady woods were the haunts of the outlaw and the footpad, and to an imaginative people it was the abode of sprites, hobgoblins, dwarfs, and fairies. The ballad was the first form of its poetic sense, and the readings of even the same ballad are multifarious. There is in the ballads a constant struggle between the sunshine and the shadow. Natural beauty seems in conflict with the tragedies of Yarrow. Now it is the "bonny banks of Yarrow, then the "dowie (dolefull) banks of Yarrow.

The best known ballad is that written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, who died in 1754. Its lines are magnetic:

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride  
 Busk ye my winsome marrow (mate)  
 Busk ye, husk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride  
 And think nae mair of the Braes of Yarrow!

The ballad closes:

Return! return! mournful, mournful bride  
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow  
 The lover heeds none of thy sighs  
 He lyes a corps on the Braes of Yarrow!

And thus the tragedy of life is swallowed up in the greedy maw of the practical.

Three separate poems represent Wordsworth's relation to Yarrow:

1. Yarrow Unvisited.

Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy were touring through Scotland in 1803. She says:

"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside  
 And see the Braes of Yarrow: "

Fearing that his vision of Yarrow may be destroyed and he be disillusionized, he says:

"O'er hilly paths and open strath  
 We'll wander Scotland through  
 But though so near, we will not turn  
 Into the Vale of Yarrow:  
 Thus Yarrow was then unvisited:

2. Yarrow visited:

Eleven years had passed (1814) and now Wordsworth, in company with Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, visits Yarrow:

"And is this Yarrow? This the stream  
 Of which my fancy cherished  
 So faithfully, a waking dream? "

He proceeds:

"Where was it that the famous flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding? "

Proceeding:

"Delicious is the lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy lovers."

He closes:

"Thy ever youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasures."

3. Yarrow revisited:

Seventeen years more have passed (1831); and now Wordsworth visits Yarrow along with Sir Walter Scott who is soon to go to Italy for health.

He wishes Scott farewell:

"For thee, O Scott, compelled to change  
Green Eildon hills and Cheviot

May classic fancy, linking  
With native fancy her fresh aid  
Preserve thy heart from sinking."

"Flow on forever Yarrow stream  
Fulfil thy pensive duty  
Well pleased that future bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty."

#### ST. MARY'S LOCH.

Our auto-car has during the reverie carried us up the banks of Yarrow, and we see the Lake from which the river flows. This is St. Mary's "silver wave." Wordsworth in his first poem said:

... ..  
"Let the swan in still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow."

These lines have given rise to much playful discussion.

Scott pluralized "Swan" and made a different picture from Wordsworth whose idea was to bring out the loveliness of the swan and its shadow.

An American tourist has increased the amusement by declaring that he could not see even one swan when he made his visit to the loch.

We had a different experience: Two swans were there among the reeds, but unfortunately the lake was rough from a high wind which was prevailing. We accordingly missed seeing the reflection of either of the swans in the stormy lake. For us there was no "silver wave."

We departed on our homeward journey thinking of the Ettrick Shepherd, the genius of the place—whose monument stands at Chapelhope on another part of the shore of the Lake. After a good run on a winding road through the high hills we reached Inverleithen on the Tweed—"fair Tweed" of the poets, and then went westward bound for Peebles. On the banks of a beautiful rivulet running into the Tweed, we stopped, and our evening meal over, we were soon on our way through Peebles. Here we admired the fine arched bridge reminding us that Royalty often passed in the old days on their way to the hunt in Ettrick Forest, and that King James I, the poet king of Scotland had here laid the scene of his poem—"Peebles to the Play." The sun was sinking in the west when we turned northward to make our homeward dash to Edinburgh. We had before us the slopes of the Pentland Hills, and passed beautiful stretches of heather on the hillsides and in the hollows.

#### ALLAN RAMSAY AGAIN.

Passing over the Pentlands a spot of poetic interest was reached by us, within twelve miles of Edinburgh. East of the road a few hundred yards ran a beautiful rivulet to the Esk. It is mentioned in the "Gentle Shepherd" and on its banks is a spot much frequented by picnic parties from Edinburgh. It is the finest picture in the "Gentle Shepherd."

"Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How  
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;  
Then 'tween twa birks, out owre a little lin,  
The water fa's and mak's a singin' din;  
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,  
Kisses, with easy whirls, the bordering grass."

# ROSLIN.

In a few minutes the descending road carries us past the turning which goes eastward to the North Esk where historic memorials lie in a great cluster.

The ruins of Roslin Castle are seen, high on the banks of Esk. The Castle was the possession of the St. Clairs, the Earls of Orkney. Hard by the Castle lies the moor where in 1302 three divisions of the English army were defeated in one day:

"Three triumphs in a day!  
Three hosts subdued by one!  
Three armies scattered like the spray,  
Beneath the Summer sun."

Equally notable, a short distance down the Esk, on the opposite side, stands the famous Castle of Hawthornden—whose master was the poet, William Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare, and to see whom another contemporary, Ben Jonson, came on foot all the way from London. The master of the Castle met at his door the London dramatist with the words:

"Welcome, welcome, Royal Ben"!

to which Ben Jonson replied:

"Thankee, thankee, Hawthornden"!

Turning now backward to Roslin Chapel we have one of the most interesting architectural masterpieces belonging to Scotland and dating back some half dozen centuries or more. All is unique. The architecture, carving and tracery are highly florid: the interior is striking; the Prentice's pillar is wonderful; in the Crypt the Barons of Roslin, many of them lying in armor, are buried; and last but not least, the beadle with his parrot-story told to all is the genius of the place.

As to so many other places in Scotland, so here the supernatural clings to everything about Roslin Castle and Chapel. Sir Walter Scott has sung in his ballad of "Rosabelle", that when members of the house of proud St. Clair died the Chapel was always seen to be enveloped in magic flames. Lady Rosabelle of the St. Clair blood, dared to cross the Forth, when a storm was raging, and as she perished the chapel glared with fire:

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

But Edinburgh is now in sight. Half an hour and we are in the Northern Capital. We have had a day in "Wonder Land".

"Harp of the north farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow return,  
'Tis silent all: Enchantress fare thee well!"





MORE IMPORTANT

## Works of Dr. Bryce,

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Author of articles "Manitoba" and "Winnipeg" in Encyclopaedia Britannica; of "Canada" in Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America; of "The Indians" and "Education in Manitoba" in the Canadian Encyclopaedia; and of articles in the Encyclopaedia Americana, Standard Encyclopaedia, etc.

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